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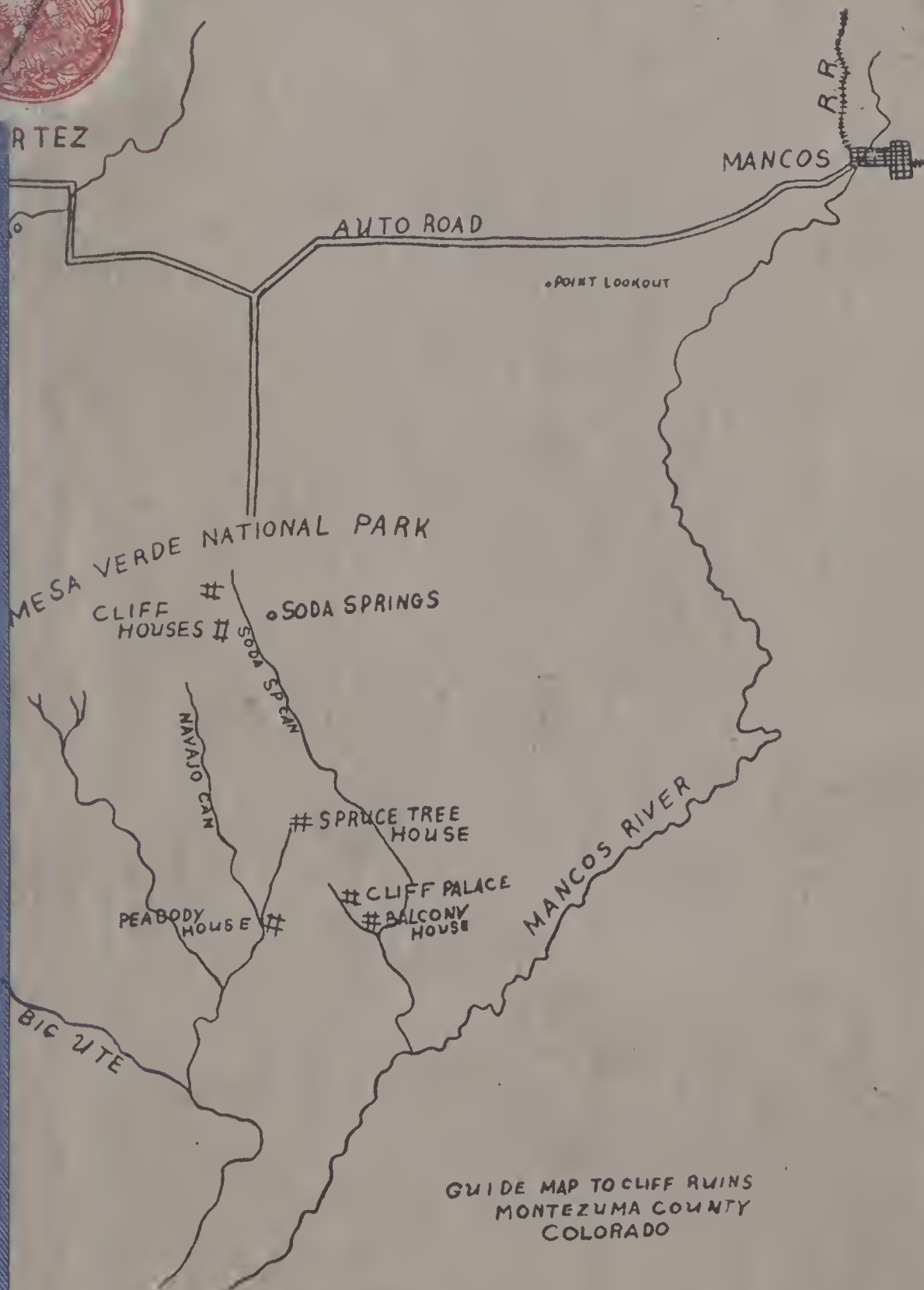
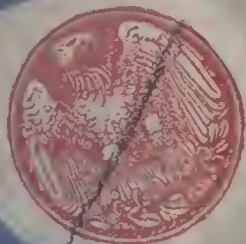
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1922

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

By

CHARLES N. BLISS



Guide Map to Cliff Ruins



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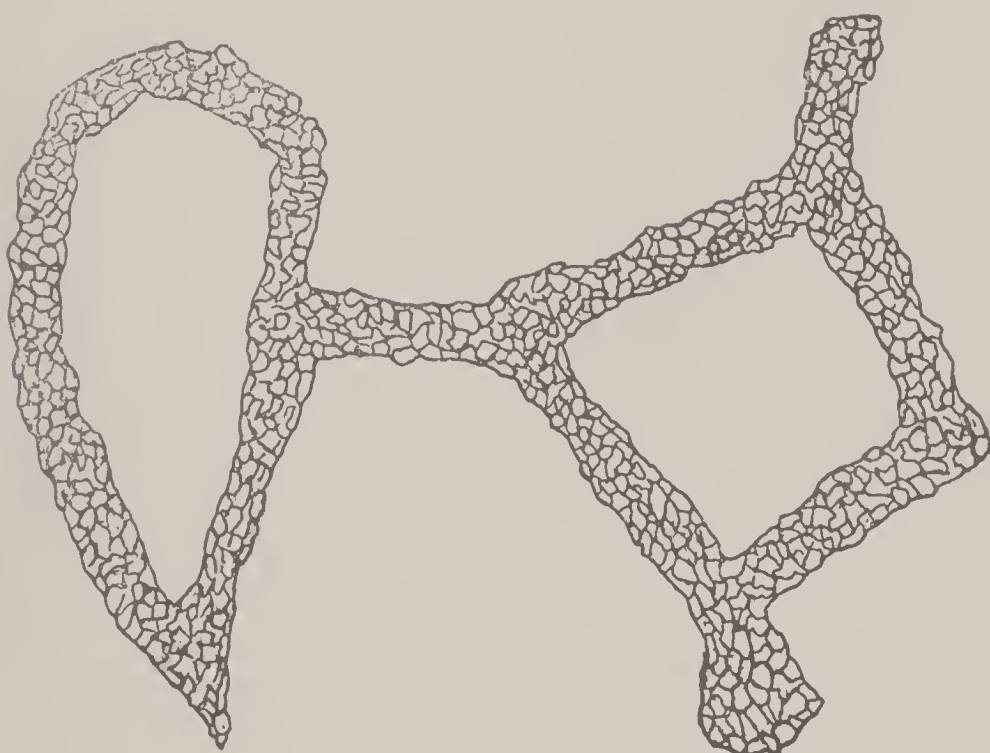
Collected Poems
of
Charles N. Bliss



Spruce Tree House, Mesa Verde

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

BY CHARLES N. BLISS



BOULDER, COLORADO

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By ISABEL BLISS REED

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INTRODUCTION

The Cliff Dwellings in the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, are one of the great aboriginal monuments of our country.

They were discovered by some stockmen out hunting for cattle about 1881. At the request of the Secretary of the Interior, the ruins were excavated and repaired in 1909, under the direction of Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes of the Smithsonian Institution.

* * * *

It was in 1916, while practicing law in Cortez, Colorado, that Charles N. Bliss, a graduate of the University of Colorado Law School, became interested in the Cliff Dwellings. He would often walk there alone, a distance of about ten miles, and spend the day going in and out the old rooms, looking at the curious weapons and utensils in the ruined dwellings, and wondering about the people who had lived there hundreds of years before.

As he was coming home from one of these trips, he looked back at the mountains and the first three verses of "The Cliff Dwellers" came to him. Taking out his notebook, he wrote them down before going on.

His disgust with war he expressed in the lines: "War is hellish mockery. Peace is of God's harmony."

But when the United States entered the war, he enlisted as a private in the regular army with a company which was to be sent almost immediately to France.

"I want to get there the quickest way I can," he said, "and don't feel sorry for me if I can't come back, but Oh! pity me if I have to kill some poor fellow."

He was placed in the signal corps of the officers' detail, Battery A 18th Field Artillery.

In August, 1918, he sent home the poem "Columbia, Awaken to Glory," written on the battlefield, and in September of that year, "The Song of France," which he wrote while in a hospital.

He was killed October 14, 1918, in the Argonne.

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COLORADO

All hail to glorious Colorado;
May valiant sons defend her!
And may her daughters give alway
Their love, warm, true and tender!
May sacred memories bind us here,
And when life's brief dream closes,
May we her name, her soil revere,
And sleep beneath her roses.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS

Where the height of land is breasted,
At the continental summit,
Where the prairies sweeping seaward,
Toward the eastward and the westward,
Meet abrupt the jagged mountains;
There the lofty snowclad Rockies,
Raise to heaven their peaks majestic,
Purple tinted in the distance,
Purple, crowned with burnished silver;
Sparkling in the golden sunlight,
'Neath the ambient glow of summer,
Towering high in mighty profile,
'Mid the wandering clouds that hover,
In the azure western heaven.

There enchanted Colorado
Smiles forever in the sunshine
Stretching wide o'er plain and upland,
Snowcapped peak and crystal streamlet,
There to southward and to westward,
At her most southwestern portal,
Rises sheer the Mesa Verde,
From a gently rolling valley,
From the plains of Montezuma,
And against the western skyline,
Monitor of storm and tempest,
Hugely rises old Ute Mountain,
Like some stern and haughty monarch,
Of an age that's long departed
Keeping ward o'er all his people.



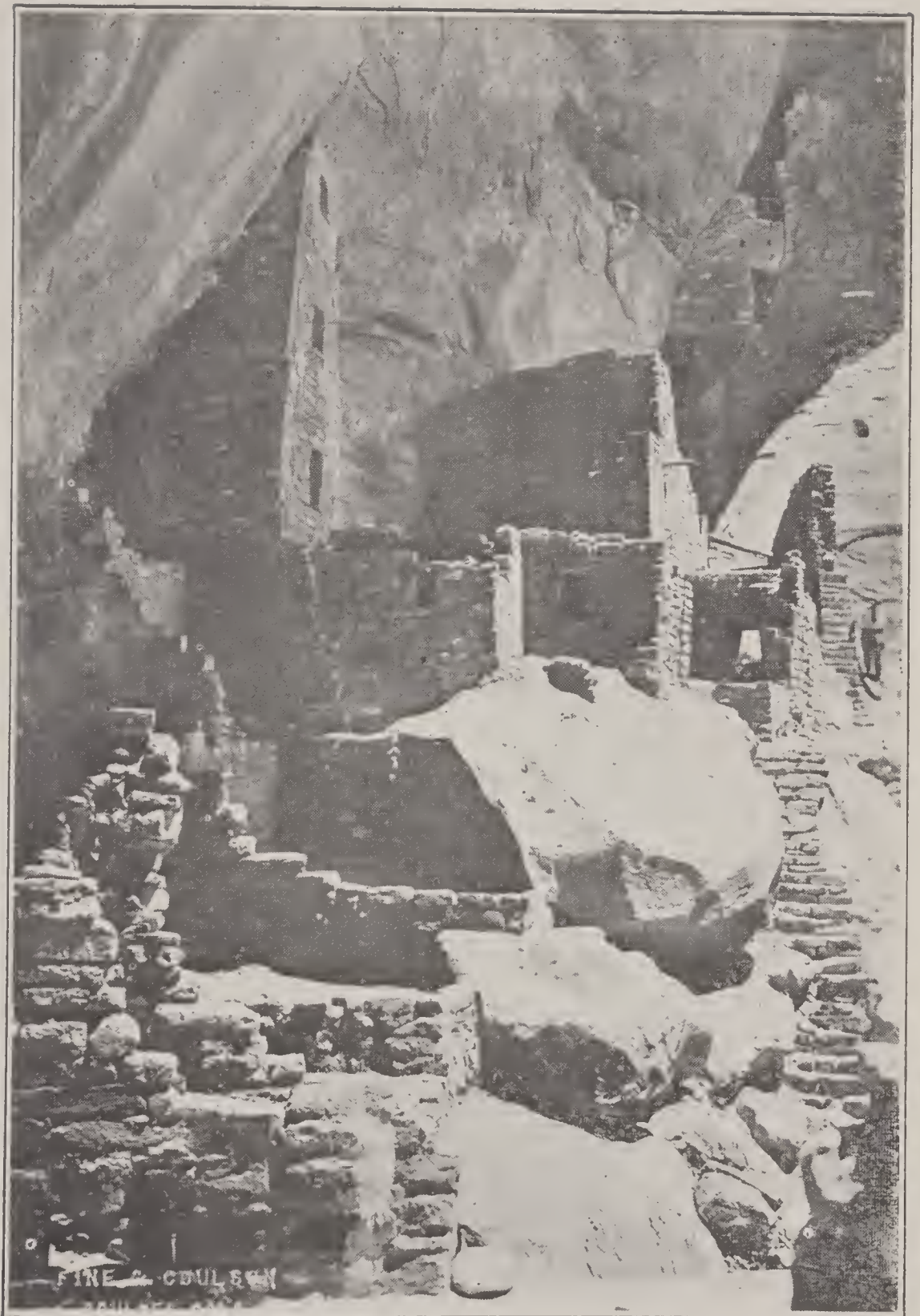
Close-up of Cliff Palace, 214 Rooms

Once upon these plains and mountains,
On the plains of Montezuma,
'Neath the heights of Mesa Verde,
Dwelt a people, long departed.
Human annals tell us nothing
Of the folk that lived and wrought here,
Of the battles that were fought here,
Laughing maids by warriors sought here,
Human ill and human gladness,
Mirth that vanished into sadness,
Vicissitudes of joy and sorrow,
That surged these plains and mountains over.

There's no word by tale or legend,
Reaching down from their's to our time,
Whence they came and whence departed.
Why they left their ancient city,
'Neath the heights of Mesa Verde,
Left their cottages and corn lands,
On the plains of Montezuma,
Is a riddle never answered,
Save by guesses and conjectures.

Savage Navajo and Ute tribes,
Wandering o'er these plains and mountains,
Only say their fathers knew not
Of the people who before them,
Lived and wrought and had their dwellings
On the plains of Montezuma,
'Neath the heights of Mesa Verde.
Naught remains to tell the story,
Save the ancient ruined dwellings,
Save the stone and clay utensils,
Scattered wide o'er hill and valley.

Where the canons, deep and jagged,
Of the Mancos tributary,
From the Mesa Verde flowing,
Sloping southward toward the noontide,
Sloping eastward toward the morning,
Weave a labyrinth of gorges,
Wrought by time's unchecked erosions,
Cleaving rude the Mesa Verde,
In a network far extending,
Reft by chasms, sheer appalling,
Half a thousand feet to bottom;
In those fastnesses secluded,
Hidden in the secret places,
'Neath the sheer o'erhanging cliffsides,
Stands a quaint deserted city,
Piled by workmen of the by-gone,
Kingly palaces and strongholds,
Shrine and temple, tower and kiva,
Fortified by port and bulwark,
Built in symmetric outline,
Architectural in contour,
Built in an age forgotten,
By the potentates of yoretime;
Or upon the jagged surface
Of the precipice o'erhanging,
Dizzy o'er the yawning canons,
Perched in niches in the cliffsides,
In the dizzy heights suspended,
Like the cairn of mountain eagle;
Inaccessible in war time,
Without approach save ropen ladders,
Swinging loose from heights appalling;
Or by niches scarce affording,
Foot and hand hold on the cliffside,
Where a slip would hurl the climber,



Close-up of Square Tower House, Mesa Verde
Mesa Verde National Park

To the deep abyss beneath him,
Twenty score of feet to earthward.

Here in war time at a signal,
Flashed from peak to peak surrounding,
Bearing tidings from the distance,
Of a warlike host approaching,
Quick the plain's folk might have hastened,
To these fastnesses that hoarded.
Stores of corn and meat and water:
Here a tiny band beleagured,
Might withstand a siege of thousands,
Till with all supplies exhausted,
They must yield to thirst or hunger.

But the centuries departing,
Here have left but scanty record,
Of their coming and their going;
When these ancient builders wrought here,
Built with a skill surpassing,
All the savage tribes to northward,
Not a living soul can answer;
Built walls today upstanding,
True and plumb beneath their burdens,
Tier on tier of stone and mortar;
In this art at least advancing,
From the plain of wandering savage,
Bridging o'er the yawning chasm,
That forbids the savage egress,
From the plain, where dark benighted,
He is struggling blindly upward,
Toward the broader, fairer uplands,
Where the cup of life is fuller;
Toward the grey and distant morning,
Of a fairer day that's dawning.

When these ancient builders dwelt here,
Who they were, how long sojourned here,
Whence they came and whence departed,
Why they left their homes and corn lands,
Whether slain by northern savage,
Or by pestilence beleagured,
Or by drouth for years extending,
Lacking corn and meat and water,
Journeyed from their homes ancestral,
To the sunny climes to southward,
Is a riddle darkly hidden,
With the dead beneath the ruins;
Or upon the graven cliffsides,
In a script none may decipher.

But the simple later comers,
Feared these ancient habitations,
Feared to enter or molest them,
Feared the spirit of the dead man,
For the curse of death is on him,
If his sorrowing glance but wander,
To the death enshrouded visage,
Of a dear one that's departed;
If he bide within a dwelling,
Where the curse of death has entered.

Unmolested through the ages,
Was this city of the ancients,
Till the white man came and found it,
Entered through those ancient portals,
Broke the silence of the ages,
That for centuries had lingered,
Where no human form had entered;
And before his startled vision,
In the households of the ancient,

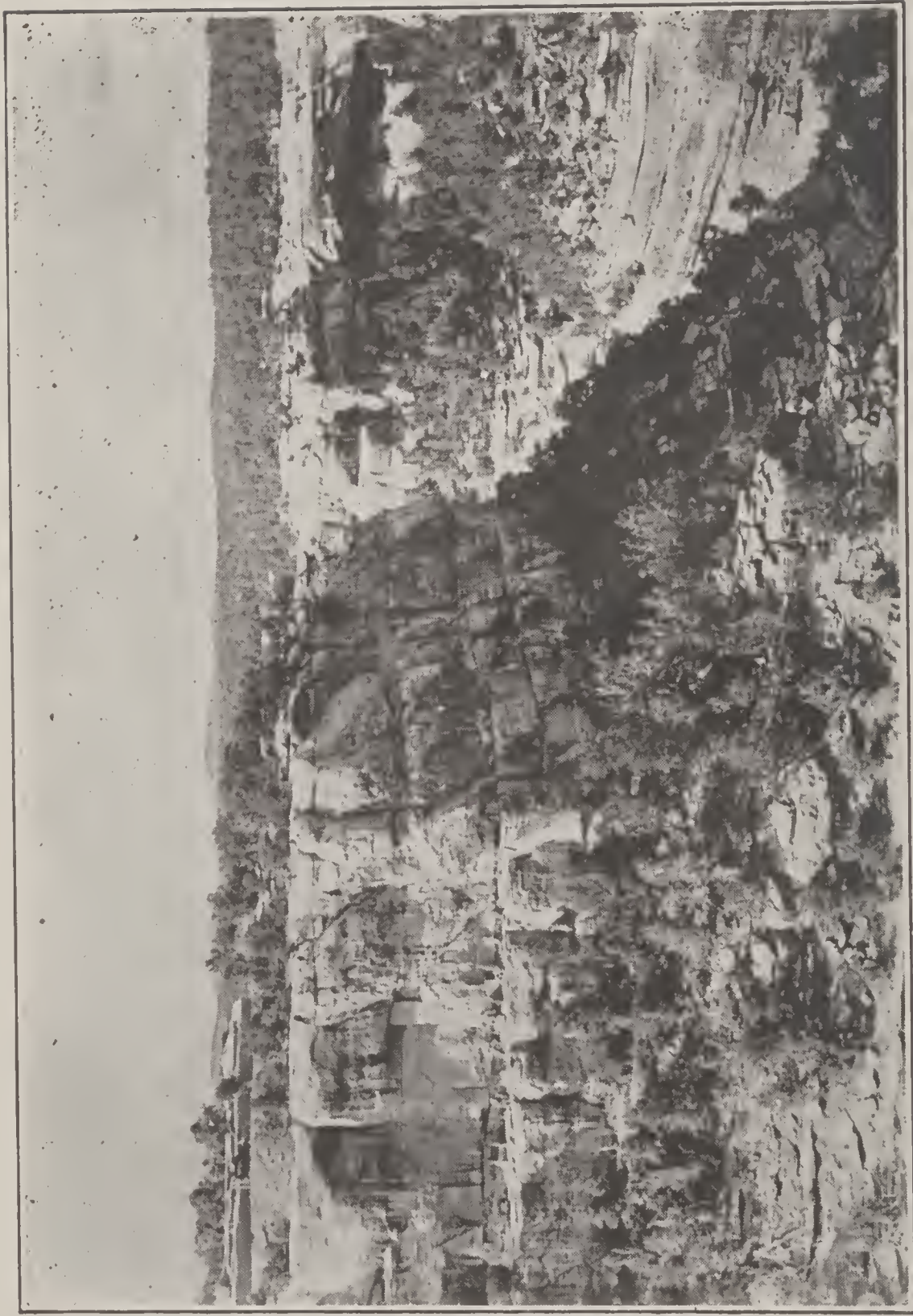
Lay the stone and clay utensils,
Earthen vessels by the fireside,
Milling stones arranged in order,
Of the fineness of their grinding;
Ancient jars upturned in waiting,
Through the centuries departing,
To receive the meal that shifted,
Ever finer o'er the millstones,
Where the last of all the workers,
Of this strange deserted city,
Ground the maize the plain's folk garnered
At the last of all the harvests,
In the times that are gone by.

But the ghostly spell that hovered,
Like a spirit o'er these ruins,
Guarding them against the savage,
Knew no terror to the white man;
And he gathered up the treasure,
Stripped and robbed these ancient dwellings,
Of their homeliest belongings:
Sold for gold those ancient relics,
Tore them from their wonted places,
Where for centuries they rested,
Mutely, yet so eloquently,
Bearing witness to a by-gone,
Written not in human annals.

And still the ancient city stands there,
Perfect yet in many a detail.
As in the by-gone when its tenants,
Took their sorrowing departure;
Left these walls their fathers builded,
Steeped in romance and in pathos,
'Round which clustered in their fancies,

Many a tender recollection;
Here in childhood they had frolicked,
Here the sweets of youth they tested,
Here in peace their fathers rested,
Close by where the Mancos babbles,
Muttering darkly in its channel,
Chattering loudly o'er its boulders,
As though fain to tell the story
Of the folk who once came hither,
To partake its crystal waters,
In the times that are departed.

Where McElmo's streamlet wanders,
O'er the plains of Montezuma,
Swirling turbid in the floodtime,
Ebbing low in heat of summer,
Hard by is a cliff that's graven,
Wrought with many a strange inscription,
Written there in times departed,
In a language long forgotten,
In a script none may decipher.
Ah! could that mute cliff that faces
Toward the rising sun of morning,
Utter forth the word that's writ there,
What a tale might then be spoken,
Of these hills and of this valley!
What a tale of vanished glory,
Of the kings whose sway extended,
O'er the heights of Mesa Verde,
O'er the plains of Montezuma;
How a people lived and wrought here,
Prospered here and then departed;
And o'er all a curtain closes,
Closes darkly and no glimmer,
Save conjecture's idle fancy,



MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK

Sun Temple on top at left, Little Mummy Ruins on shelf below,
Cliff Palace in canon wall at right

Penetrates within the darkness;
How they worshipped here the sun god,
Bowed them down at early dawning,
Said their orisons at sunrise,
In the misty grey of morning;
Did their rituals fantastic,
'Neath the many-tinted sunset,
At the shrine that faces westward,
Where a flaming sun is blazoned;
How they built with stone and mortar,
Reared up edifices stately
Tier on tier in huge proportion,
Kingly palaces and strongholds,
In this city of the ancients;
Fashioned many a humbler dwelling,
Scattered wide by plain and streamlet,
Where the fields of maize were planted,
On the plains of Montezuma;
Let the streamlet from its channel,
Where it wandered idly seaward,
To the maize that drooped and withered,
When the sun waxed hot in summer;
How they shaped in graceful outline,
Many an earthen urn and pitcher,
Wierdly marked with decorations,
Wrought in everlasting color;
How they tilled the fertile plain lands,
Shimmering gold and green in summer,
'Cross the fields of maize that glistened,
On the plains of Montezuma;
Of the ghastly wars that raged there,
With their toll of death and bloodshed,
Strife that spared not young nor aged,
When the spectre death strode grimly,
Where the fields of maize lay wasted,

By the dwellings burned and ruined,
In the times that are forgotten.

And the traveler, seeking respite,
From the weary heat of summer,
Who sojourns where Colorado
Smiles beneath the western heavens;
Where in majesty the Rockies
Blend their purple and their silver
With the varied hues of morning,
With the brilliant tints of sunset;
Where the crystal mountain streamlet,
Spurns the jagged Rockies' summit;
Still may see this ancient city,
Clothed in mystery and grandeur,
Wrapped in silence of the ages,
Standing there as if in waiting,
For its tenants of the by-gone,
Passed to come no more;
Still may see the ruined dwellings,
With their roof beams burned asunder,
Charred maize and shattered vessels,
On the ancient ruined hearthstones,
Buried 'neath the earthen thatchwork;
And again the mountain streamlet,
Taught to wander from its channel,
Loiters sparkling o'er the valley,
Watering all the checkered landscape,
Glistening emerald and golden,
Orchards bending 'neath their burdens,
Golden grain and green alfalfa,
Shimmering in the sun of summer,
Where the fields of maize were planted,
In the times that are departed;

There where gracious Colorado,
Far to southward and to westward,
At its most southwestern portal,
Smiles beneath the sun forever.

THE FORGOTTEN BOUNDARY

Far on the plains of the westland,
Where checo and cactus abound,
A shaft set upon a bare upland,
Is piled with loose boulders around.

'Tis but a rude fragment of sandstone,
And broken off near to the ground,
But once that lone shaft bore a legend
Whose like in the world is not found.

For at this drear landmark converging,
Lie four states whose glittering stars
Blaze forth from the field of bright azure
O'er crimson and silvery bars.

In ruin and waste and neglected,
Lies the one spot that mortal may see,
Where half a hand's breadth might be por-
tioned
'Tween four states of high sovereignty.

It lies like a grave that's forgotten,
Its headstone cast onto the ground,
Untrodden by man, its approaches,
And scattered its burial mound.

Let this lonely spot be a token,
Of the feuds 'tween the states that waxed
hot,
That are dead in the by-gone forever,
And even the gravestone forgot.



Corner Stone, Utah-Colorado-Arizona-New Mexico

Not thus when the colonies banded,
 A common oppressor to foil,
Did the lines 'tween the states lie forgotten,
 And buried in one nation's soil.

Not thus when by civil dissention,
 The country was severed in twain,
And the sons of the North and the Southland
 Lay bleeding on many a plain.
No loftier tribute is spoken,
 Of the deeds that our fathers have wrought,
Than the silence that lingers unbroken,
 About that untenanted spot.

Ah! raise not that worn shaft of sandstone,
 But let it lie prone to the last,
A token of wars that are ended,
 And feuds that are dead in the past.

A SUNSET ON THE WESTERN SLOPE

Unto his rest, out in the west,
 Behind a leaden cloud,
The sun goes down and all around
 Is wrapped in sodden shroud.

A rift appears between the tiers
 Of mist that bar the way,
A sudden gleam of sunset beam
 Bursts on the ebbing day.

The rift grows wide, its shadows hide
 A pool of limpid blue,
And crimson sheen, and gold and green
 Stream forth in varied hue.

The azure space sweeps o'er apace,
 A sapphire lake spreads wide
Its glittering shore with rubies store,
 And liquid gold its tide.

Now tranquilly a wondrous sea
 O'erspreads the jeweled west,
With many a skiff that idly drifts
 Upon its sapphire crest.

Along that shore with jewels store,
 And reefs of coral band,
Are castles old that darkly hold
 The ports of fairyland.

And argosy and galleon
Go sailing stately by,
All crusted pearl, the masts that furl
Their filmy sails on high.

Where earth meets sky and the dark
clouds lie,
A grey low-hanging shroud,
Whose tresses dim the outline grim
Of yonder peak have cowed.

His sodden crest looms in the west,
Against the painted sky,
A gloomy spectre all alone
Mid summer's sunset dye.

Away to east a dewy fleece
Of summer's sunset tresses,
In streaming fold of filmy gold
La Plata's peak caresses.

Amid the tide of sunset flood,
Their summits crowned with snow
O'er robes of purple fringed with gold
In regal splendor glow.

O'er all the landscapes, checkered wide
With fields of gold and green,
The dappled evening shadows lie,
The sun-kissed hills between.

But soon the shadows deeper grow,
And from La Plata's height,
The sunset's glories, lingering still,
Are dimming on the sight.

Now fade the tints of earth and sky
 Beneath the waning light,
And in the west a tiny star
 Bids closing day good-night.

THE SEASONS

Fair are the meadows when spring's early sheen
Is green.
And soft 'neath the wild flowers that dot all the
wold
With gold,
And scarlet and silver and sapphires that vie
With the sky,
And life gently wakes from the dream of its deep
Winter's sleep.

Fairer than springtime is childhood's bright day,
Sad and gay.
Sunshine and sorrow, like clouds in the sky,
Soon pass by.
Dreams of enchantment and "Castles in Spain"
All in vain.
And marvels untold past the blue of the sky,
Miles high.

Sweet is the fragrance of summer full-blown,
Verdure strown.
Steeped in the perfumes distilled from the nights'
Dewdrops bright.
Chaffed by low breezes o'er fields like the sea,
Drowsily.
Lulled by the cadence of myriad wings,
Murmuring.

Greater is youth than the noon-tide perfume
Of June.

Rarer its love than the radiant glamour
Of summer.
Fresh are its hopes as the dews of the morn,
New-born.
Green are the meadows past yon mountain high
That lie.

Rich is the treasure the harvest-time yields
From its fields.
Gold 'neath the splendor of autumn's mild glow
Ebbing slow.
Summer-time bursting in many-hued fires
Expires.
Seared by the withering breath of the frost,
And lost.

Gone like the summer are the dreams and the
fancies of youth
Mid the ruth.
And heart-ache and sorrow and long weary strife
Of life
Yielding its all to the hope gently pressed
At its breast.
Fading forever, the yearning that thrilled
Unfulfilled.

Cold is the winter and stricken and low
'Neath the snow.
The remnants of summer in wasting decay
Yield the clay
That briefly they borrowed and sadly they bring,
Ere the spring
Borrows anew, and the rapture of birth
Floods the earth.

Cold as the winter and still, is the breath
 Of death.
Fled is the tenant that quickened life's clay
 For a day.
Earth claims her portion and scatters the gloom
 Of the tomb.
And to youth and to maiden the spring softly
 breathes
 Words of love.

THOUGHTS

Man's horizon is bounded by his thoughts,
And if he thinks of many things,
His view is as wide as the ocean tide,
And as deep as the sight of kings.

His mind is attuned by the thoughts he breathes,
And if they are of joyous things,
His heart is as light as the swallow's flight,
And a voice within him sings.

Man's deeds are guided by his thoughts,
And if he thinks on upright things,
His acts are as sure as his heart is pure,
And each deed with clearness rings.

Man's soul is moulded by his thoughts,
And if he thinks on holy things,
It taketh its flight to ethereal height,
And about it a brightness clings.

SONNET

The majesty of yonder mountain peak,
The ray sublime that lights yon sunset cloud
'Ere night's dim form in misty garb is bowed,
The wonders of the universe bespeak;
Ah! futile task in musty tome to seek
The mystery of life, its end, its source.
Enough to know the fullness of its course
And yield to plans creative, trustful, meek;
About man's little pale of time and place
Are realms and eons of infinity.
Mayhap that life its spark may trace
To boundless flames that burn eternally.
I lift my gaze to yonder mountain crest
And in its awful calm, find peace and rest.

THE PICTURE SHOW

They go, they go,
To the picture show,
By twos and by fours,
By tens and by scores,
The young and the old,
In the heat and the cold,
The rich and the poor
Alike feel the lure.
Up from the street
Comes a shuffling of feet,
They crowd to the wicket
To purchase the ticket
That opens the way
Where the phonographs play.
And the audience greets
From shadow-dimmed seats
The film whirling by
With a shout or a sigh
As the picture reveals
From vanishing reels
The loves and the hates,
The joys and the ills
Of hero and heroine,
Noble and true,
And villain relentless
And villainess too;
Through thrilling adventure
That censors can't censure,
And dangers restrictive
The villain vindictive

The heroine haunts
With terrors and taunts.
'Mid perils impending,
In happiness ending,
And kindly calamity's
Dreadful extremity.
O'er precipice towering,
Past cannibals cowering,
Down cataracts boiling,
By rattlesnakes coiling,
Through caverns Stygian
That bats couldn't see in.
And horribly hideous,
Dangers insidious,
The villain pursues her
'Till the hero rescues her.
And the villainess's smile
With its treacherous wile,
No more can beguile;
And the hero is rewarded
With the heroine's hand;
And the villain is foiled
And the villainess banned.
And doubts are dispelled
And the audience's fear
Is turned to rejoicing
And some, even cheer.
Then onto the screen
The funny man scurries
And kicks seven blocks
And falls seven stories,
To further dispel
The populace's worries;
And virtue is saved
From a perilous pickle,

And wickedness shamed
And treachery fickle,
And the funny man's tickle,
And all for a nickle;
At the picture show,
Where the people go.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST

Sonnet to America

Spirit of a time whose hour is spent,
Soul that stirred the men of yesterday,
That broke the sod and tamed a continent,
Thy noontide fades to evening's dimmer
ray.
Now are the men that knew thee passed
away.
Our meagre time feels not thy rugged might,
Feels not the pulse that tempered firmed
clay,
Knows not the flame that shed thy wisdoms'
light;
America! where are the bards and seers
Who thronged thy spacious corridors of yore,
Who spoke thy hopes, thy sorrows and thy
fears,
Thy wisdom and thy poesy's rich lore?
Farewell forever, spirit of the past,
O'er thy proud day, night's silent shroud
is cast.

VACATION TIME

Lyin' in bed in the mornin'
When the sun is in the sky,
Dreamin' dreams of doin' things,
That time will not put by.

Loafin' 'all day in the hammock,
What matters empty purse
While summer's breezes, beneath the trees
Is whisperin' idle verse.

Climbin' 'all day in the mountains,
Through the pine and spruce,
Rollin' rocks from mountain tops
That set the echoes loose.

Fishin' in crystal streamlets,
'Neath the quaking-aspen.
Who would give life like this
For weary office task.

But a vision appears before you
Of gentle womanly grace,
And flowing silken tresses
About a girlish face.

Then back to that dingy old office!
What task is weary or hard
When weddin' bell with joyous swell
Is waitin' to take your card!

And out of your bed in the mornin',
And get your candle lit,

Before your battered old cuckoo clock
Can throw another fit.

And over and over repeat them,
These words of wisdom and joy
Invented by old Ben Johnson,
"Get money, get money, boy."
(Chorus)

Vacation time, vacation time,
Your end is drawing near,
And soon we'll go where the dollars grow,
To slave for another year.

LIFE'S FABRIC

Lingering brief 'tween the eons of time
Is a glittering moment of present, sublime,
It lies 'tween the realms of the past that is gone
And the future that hitherward rushes along;
And in that brief moment that man cannot hold,
Is a loom that is weaving a fabric of gold,
And through the great wheel doth the future
 rush fast,
Away to the eons of time that is past;
But down the dark hallway of ages gone by
Doth the infinite length of the bright fabric lie,
And into its meshes by time's loom is wove
Life's good and its bad, life's hate and its love,
All the deeds and the strivings of worlds where
 the soul
Is tenant of flesh that meets clay as its goal;
But 'mong the bright strands of the fabric's
 gold sheen,
Are threads that lie dark in the meshes between,
And the dark is the bad 'long the hallways of
 time,
And the good is the gold in the fabric sublime.

ODE TO WAR

When July's sun went sadly down,
That ne'er forgotten day,
In tranquil mood, on Europe's plain,
At peace the nations lay.
And brothers of a common race,
In friendship went and came
O'er Britain's Isle and classic Rhine,
And by the banks of the Seine.
To Brussels town and Serbia,
And Danube's fertile plain,
O'er Montenegro's tiny realm,
And Russia's vast domain,
On friendship bent, they came and went,
And hate was not their aim.
But e'er the dawn of August's morn
The crash of drum and blare of horn
In muster call were widely borne
O'er lands by war and hatred torn;
And locked in deadly mortal strife
Each nation fought for nation's life.

Ah! what a shameful deed was wrought
Of woe and crime and hell,
When Europe's friendly, peaceful day
Was marred by hateful shell;
And death and devastation strode
By wasted town and cot,
Nor heard the wail that mourned the dead,
And grim starvation's lot.
When man was taught by pistol drawn

His brother's love to ban,
With naked lance and bayonet
To rend his fellow man.
Ah! can it be by paradox
That ones who claim to rule
By right divine of God on high
Have yet the devil's soul.

A traitor he whoe'er he be,
Emperor, King, or Czar,
Or captain, prince, or statesman proud,
Whose greed for gold, and lust for power,
Have loosed the dogs of hellish war;
Who sends his countryman to face
The bursting shell and deadly gas,
And bids him seek a bloody grave,
His country and his king to save,
And leave behind the ties that bind,
Most sacred to man's heart, and find
A higher trust, immortal name,
In dying for the wretch to blame
For country's blood and country's shame.
To him men's lives are meager pawns
On battlefield to play.
Their worth is told in arms and gold,
And ruthless flung away.
Oh, human life may be but cheap,
And cheap the anguish and the pain
Of ones bereft, who may but weep,
Of maimed and injured 'mong the slain.
And human flesh may be but clay,
And food for cannon's ration meet;
Earth's span is brief, time soon will reap
Life's trophies at his feet.

But life's ideals are not told
In life itself, or land or gold,
Or lust of mad ambition,
A race's heritage are they,
A trust divine, to guard for aye,
That life's great master gave.
And countless throngs, time's way along,
Their weight have borne of woe and scorn
From cradle unto grave.
That man shall kindness do to man
Is God's own law and life's great plan.
Nor count whate'er the cost.
And man to teach that high decree,
By Roman hand at Calvary,
Christ died upon the cross.

Then hark, ye! Emperor, King or Czar,
Or statesman proud, whoe'er ye are—
If thirst for gold or lust for power
Has prompted you to wage this war,
To some sequestered cloister go,
That human visage ne'er shall know
Your head in shame and sorrow bent,
Your days in prayer unceasing spent,
Your nights to sleepless penance lent,
Nor ever more defile God's grace
By looking into human face.
And in contrition, sore, prepare
The awful wrath of God to bear,
Whose grace alone can e'er atone
For nation's dead in battle trown.
And seek if grace can aught withhold
Of woes by Dante long foretold,
When in the judgment, God shall face
The arch betrayer of his race,

That mocked the name of God to claim
By divine right to rule his kind,
And bid men chill his heart, and seal
His soul with hate he did not feel,
With levelled gun and naked steel
To crush his fellow 'neath his heel.

Ye men of Europe, sovereignty
Bides not with sceptered royalty,
Though Usurption's iron hand
Has bound with chain and triple band
The rightful monarch of the land.
The day will come when man shall see
O'er Europe's plain true sovereignty
All unadorned by regal pomp,
Attired in garb of common lot.
When dawns that day and drives away
The lingering shadows, hovering gray,
Of fuedal Europe's ancient sway,
The nation's will shall be its king,
The common mind shall wisdom bring,
And in each heart some part shall be
Of nation's highest sovereignty.
Though all unversed in statecraft's lore,
And subtleties of peace and war,
The common mind may yet well see
That war is hellish mockery,
And peace is of God's harmony.

Thy morrow's store, futurity,
Is shrouded in obscurity,
And naught of human destiny
Can man behold with clarity.
But this, I ween, may well be seen,
Through future's pale of mystery;

When Europe's son have learned a plan
To make the common will of man
The sovereign law that rules each land,
No more shall conquest's crimson wing,
Borne on the fiery blast of war,
In vulture circles hovering
O'er Europe's nations soar;
No more shall battle trench be strewn
With ghastly heaps of maimed and slain,
And drenched with kindred gore;
And Christ's pure law, that kindness done
By man to man is done to God,
Shall end the reign of war.

TO THE KAISER

An orphaned babe from realms beyond the sea
Clutched, tottering, at its foster mother's knee,

And she in pity caught it up and kissed

Its right arm severed at the tiny wrist.

That marked the craven fear of Germany

Toward one so young and innocent as he—

This blue-eyed babe of Belgian parents born.

Lest on some future, justice-bringing morn,

He avenge his land for foulest infamy.

Thou guilty monarch of an insane race,

Thy God is Oden, foul, and not the Christ.

The curse of Cain has marked thy brow more
base

Than he who sold his Lord unto the cross.

America! sheathe not the avenging sword

Till justice claims her due of Prussia's lord.

COLUMBIA, AWAKE TO GLORY
(To the tune of "Marching Through Georgia")

Where the blue Atlantic rolls her billows in her
pride,
To the golden shores that touch the mild Pacific's
tide,
The trumpet blast is ringing over plain and moun-
tain wide.

Columbia, awaken to glory.

(Chorus)

Hurrah! Hurrah! 'Tis Freedom's reveille.
Hurrah! Hurrah! It rings from sea to sea.
The Stars and Stripes are blended with the colors
of the free.

Columbia, awaken to glory.

Justice, Honor, Liberty, repeat the glory call.
Nations sinking in the fray before the tyrants fall.
Unsheath thy flashing sword of yore, and speed
the shot and ball.

Columbia, awaken to glory.

Kings and potentates shall know the fury of thy
might.

Who would darken Freedom's day with gloom of
thralldom's night.

Ten million heroes gather round thy banner's
starry light.

Columbia, awaken to glory.

Prussia's minion horde we'll chase from Belgium
to Berlin.

We'll make the war lord tremble with our shell
fire's bursting din.
Till tyranny is ended and the world is free again.
Columbia, awaken to glory.

A SONG OF FRANCE

A burst of song awakes the dawn
And floods the drowsy day
With accents sweet that wildly greet
The morning's purple ray;
Afar and near it echoes clear
O'er meadowland, o'er wood and mere.
And nature lends a charmed ear
And harks in ecstasy to hear
The skylark's roundelay,
Somewhere in France.

I heard your song at break of dawn,
Tiny fluttering thing!
Your fervid tune I heard at noon
And still I hear you sing
Between the cannon's grim reply
That shook the earth and tore the sky,
And hurled its missiles screaming high
Upon the way of destiny,
Still sweetly caroling
A Song of France.

I saw your home in ruin strewn,
Where late the wildflowers grew.
Your trampled young lay cold among
The grasses and the dew;
Yet still you fluttered to the sky
And told your grief in melody,
A tale so sorrowful and sweet
No word could tell, or tongue repeat,
And in your song I knew
The Grief of France.

Small flitting thing, whose being sings,
While life stirs in your breast,
Though reft your earth and torn your sky
And crushed your tiny nest,
That still must carol all the day
Though grief has sapped your heart away,
The while your thrilling music cheers
A world of hatred, blood and tears,
Your song has told us best
The Soul of France.

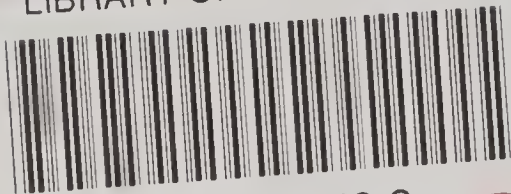
Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
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